It's Christmas Eve,
The night sky, it twinkles.
When I think of Santa,
My tummy – it jingles.
But there's a problem, I don't have a chimney.
Is that essential to
Santa's delivery?
It's Christmas Eve
And everything's ready.

There's mince pies, and carrots,
Milk, cookies, cherries.
But I'm starting to worry that Santa won't reach me.
I don't have a chimney or a
Roof big enough for a sleigh.
Can he find
a way?
Will he make it here by Christmas day?
Oh, it's Christmas Eve,
I can hear the bells jingle.
Sounds like the sleigh of one
Christopher Kringle.
Tip tap of tinsel toes on the verandah.
Donna and Dasher
and Vixen and
Comet and Cupid
and Blitzen,

Prancer and
Dancer and
Rudolf and
Santa.

Will he find a way?
He always makes it here by
Christmas day.

Bluey